

# Life



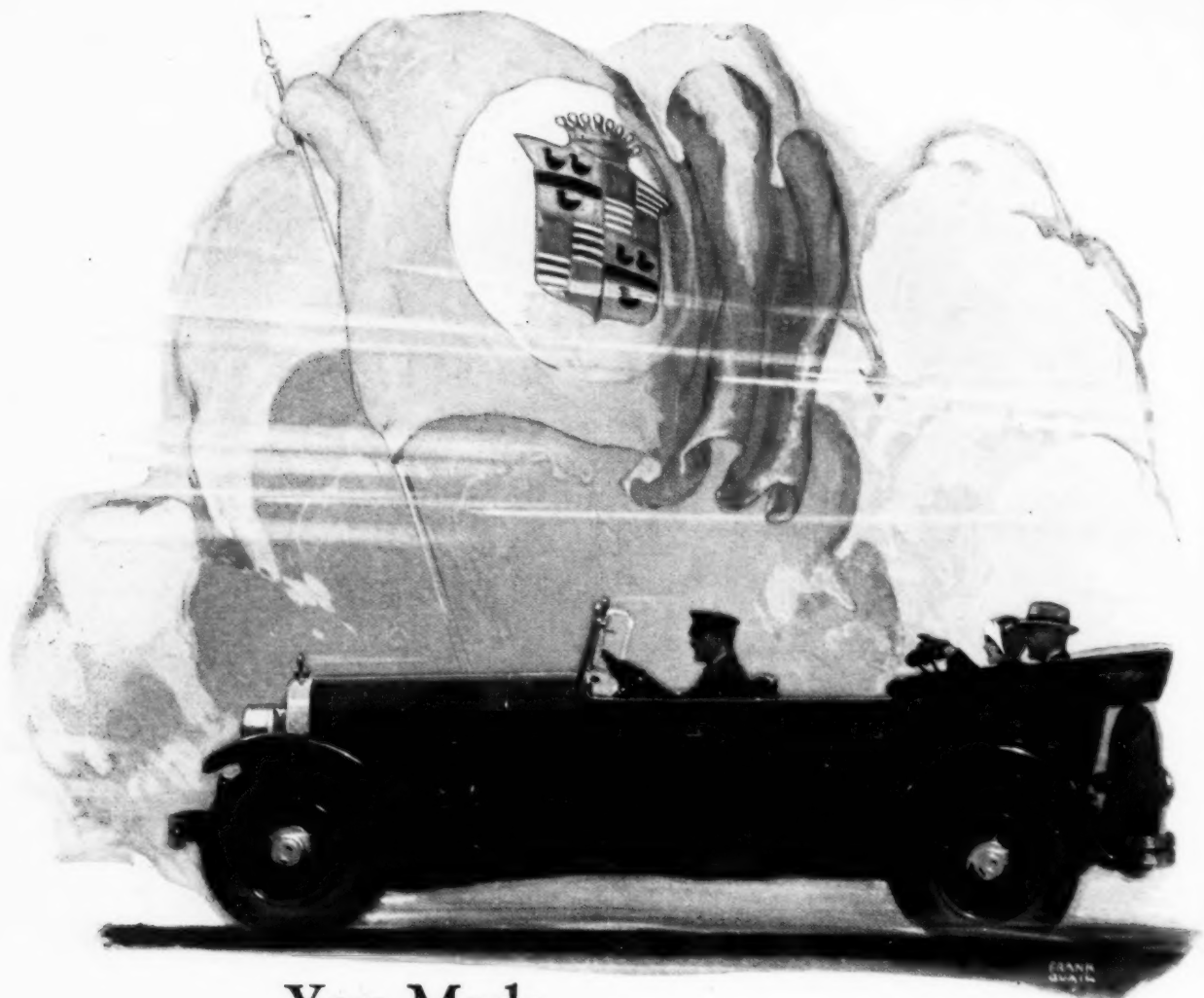
**SHE LEFT  
HOME UNDER  
A CLOUD**

*John Held Jr.*



OCTOBER 1, 1925

PRICE 15 CENTS



## You Made These Lower Cadillac Prices

When all is said and done, it is the public which has made possible these lower prices on the new 90-degree Cadillac.

If the Cadillac market had not grown steadily to its present large proportions, it would be utterly impossible to produce and sell at the present prices such an ultra-fine car as the new Cadillac.

If the number of Cadillac buyers who can be securely counted upon year after year were curtailed by even so much as twenty-five per cent—the first cost of the Cadillac must

of necessity be very much higher.

The whole world concedes Cadillac's capacity to build cars beyond compare—and Cadillac says of this new car:—

"With all the wonderful facilities of Cadillac and General Motors at our command, this is the very best car we can now build—but thanks to you good people who buy Cadillacs year after year, we have been able to bring the prices to a point where there is nothing in the world to compare with the new Cadillac, either in first cost or in after economy."

### Standard Line

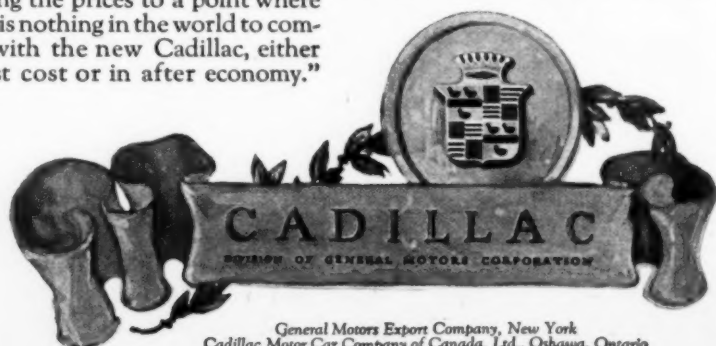
Five-Passenger Brougham, \$2995; Two-Passenger Coupe, \$3045; Four-Passenger Victoria, \$3095; Five-Passenger Sedan, \$3195; Seven-Passenger Sedan, \$3295; Seven-Passenger Imperial, \$3435.

### Custom Line

Roadster, \$3250; Touring Car, \$3250; Phaeton, \$3250; Five-Passenger Coupe, \$4000; Five-Passenger Sedan, \$4150; Seven-Passenger Suburban, \$4285; Seven-Passenger Imperial, \$4485.

All prices quoted F. O. B. Detroit. Tax to be added.

The privilege of deferred payment, over a twelve months' period, is gladly given on any Cadillac car.

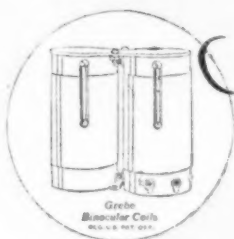


General Motors Export Company, New York  
Cadillac Motor Car Company of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

# One of Life's Great Joys



**T**O sit before the Synchronphase and select the broadcast program that suits your fancy—to listen to some distant city undisturbed by what the home town stations are doing. Such is the advantage of owning the one receiver which has Grebe Binocular Coils.



Like trained hounds, they pick up the trail of the faintest broadcast signals and bring them in. The crossing trails of strong local stations cannot throw them off the scent nor break in on your enjoyment.

The joy of having a Synchronphase does not depend on this alone. Many other features—exclusively Grebe—contribute to that reception which is the pride of Synchronphase owners and the envy of their friends.

If you *want* to get the station you *want*, when you *want* it; if you *want* volume and tone quality, and accurate tuning without nerve strain, you will

*Ask your dealer to deliver a Grebe Synchronphase to your home.*

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.  
Factory: Van Wyck Blvd., Richmond Hill, New York  
Western Branch: 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

This Company owns and operates stations WAHQ and WBOQ; also low-wave rebroadcasting stations, middle WGMU, and marine WRMU.

## THE GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending



"Fame is the follower of reality."

Yu Tse

Fame has come to the Synchronphase, because its owners know that its advantages are real and lasting.

*Dexter M.*

. . . THE BOOK . . .



368 is probably the most famous hosiery number in the world. *Three-sixty-eight!* A call number for the women of America. In a very literal sense these three figures spell *smartness*. And more than that, this particular Phoenix stocking for women is sold by the unnumbered millions, because *it stoutly resists wear*, and retails at better stores everywhere for only

. . . OF HOSIERY . . .

\$1.85 a pair. ¶¶¶¶ It is made of the finest grades of pure Japanese silk, enabling us to attain the daintiest of colorings throughout wide ranges, by our special Phoenix dyeing process. It brings a new color feast to color-loving eyes. An accurately *full-fashioned* stocking, it is cleverly reinforced where the stress is greatest, by a special weaving at the heel and toe, so skillfully done as not to detract from its outstanding elegance. A smooth-footed stocking! It has a full garter-top, with an invisible *stop-run* that really does what it is intended to do—stop runs. And it will come from innumerable washings still with the appearance of newness. These are some of the reasons why this famous number 368—*three-sixty-eight*—has reached a popularity



# PHOENIX HOSIERY



# Life

## A Horrible Nautical Yarn

OH, the captain told the purser, and the purser told the cook,  
And the cook he told the story to the mate,  
Who repeated it to me, so it's very plain to see  
That the facts I have are absolutely straight.

There are tales that make you shiver, there are tales of  
blood and crime,  
There are gory tales the bravest to appall,  
But of all the gruesome horrors that I've heard of in  
my time  
This story was the gruesomest of all.

It was nine o'clock one evening—so, at least, the captain  
said  
When he told the purser how it came about,  
And though sailors may distort the truth, as you, perhaps,  
have read,  
Concerning this there isn't any doubt.

For I've known the captain all my life, a man of sterling  
worth  
Who was never known to tamper with the truth,  
And his passion for veracity acquired at his birth  
Has followed and sustained him through his youth.

And the purser since his boyhood never has been known  
to lie,  
While the cook and mate are noted for their tact.  
They've assured me of their honesty and truthfulness, so I  
Can readily accept it as a fact.

It was nine o'clock one evening—that's the way the mate  
began;  
I remember how I shuddered at his tale.  
How my limbs began to tremble as I listened to the man,  
And I felt my classic features turning pale.

You may doubt what I am telling, but I'm sure that it is  
true.  
You may sneer and wink a supercilious eye.  
But the story as I heard it I'm repeating now to you;  
It was told by men who'd scorn to tell a lie.

It was nine o'clock one evening—so the purser told the cook,  
And the cook he told the story to the mate,  
Who repeated it exactly, and I'll swear upon the Book  
That the facts I have are absolutely straight.

There are tales that make you shiver, there are tales of  
blood and crime,  
There are gory tales the bravest to appall,  
But of all the gruesome horrors that I've heard of in my  
time  
This story was the gruesomest of all. *Newman Levy.*

## News Item

THE controversy over the Charleston continues, with  
both sides kicking up an awful lot of fuss about it.



"BILL, OUR TROUBLES IS OVER! FRANCE IS GOING TO PAY  
ITS DEBTS."



THE BACK-TO-THE-LAND MOVEMENT

### Keeping Up with Brizzie

THE Devil had been putting in a twenty-four-hour day, seven days a week, for several years without a vacation, trying to justify the reputation the Rev. Billy Sunday had built up for him. His morale was becoming low and his arches were falling.

Toward the close of a long, smful day, just as the Old One was about to mop his brow and remark, "This is Hell," for the benefit of a group of professional humorists newly consigned to the Pit, he glanced up at the Earth and saw there the most fully occupied individual he had ever observed. This person was dividing his time between forty-four airplane fleets of 6,000 ships apiece, skimming the surface of the civilized countries of the Earth, dropping 2,000-ton bombs here, buckets of bacteria there, gobs of poison gas elsewhere, doubling back to repeat himself with variations, and redoubling again faster than a drunken bridge-player with thirteen diamonds.

For sixteen seconds there was no sin upon the Earth, while Satan gave his undivided attention to the gentleman with the airplanes. Then said Satan:

"I thought I was a busy man, but who on Earth is that?"

"That," a bystander answered, "is the Enemy Aviator trying to do all

the things that Arthur Brisbane says he can do."

"H'm," said Satan, glancing again at the humorists and raising his voice. "That fellow beats the Devil."

Eddy Orcutt.



Mrs. Briggs: I BELIEVE IN CHASTISING CHILDREN IF THEY NEED IT.  
Mrs. Spriggs: HOW DREADFULLY OLD-FASHIONED! WE ALWAYS BRIBE OURS.

### From a Club Chair

MY idea of perfect poise is being able to dismount gracefully from a taxicab.

\*\*\*

A fool and his alimony are soon parted.

\*\*\*

There must be something wrong with success, since so many men feel they must apologize for achieving it.

\*\*\*

I believe bridge's chief fascination lies in the opportunity it affords for enjoying the mistakes of others.

\*\*\*

A one-man dog makes more than the normal share of enemies.

\*\*\*

If there were no Prince of Wales, paraphrasing Voltaire, it would be necessary for the tailors to create one.

James Kevin McGuinness.

### Twins

ROGERS: I have perfected a gasoline substitute that cannot be told from the genuine article, only it costs too much.

CARTER: Then how is one to know it's a substitute?



THE GAY NINETIES

THE TURKISH-CORNER CRAZE. THESE ARTISTIC DUST-CATCHERS OF THE EARLY NINETIES WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TERRIBLY ROMANTIC AND ARE PROBABLY WHAT IS MEANT BY THE PHRASE—"TURKISH ATROCITIES."

### Bedtime Story

*The Importance of Good Criticism*

ONCE there was a movie actor who made comic pictures. Every time he made a picture at least twenty million people went to see it.

At last he came to the notice of the highbrow critics. They didn't go to look at him but they said: "Horrible! People should not waste their time on stuff like that!"

Twenty million people went to see the comedian's next effort.

Then the highbrow critics, having seen the forest so long,

decided to look at the trees. So they all went to see the comedian on the screen and they all proclaimed: "Marvelous! This man is a great artist! Everybody should go to see him!"

Twenty million people went to see the comedian's next picture.

*Bertram Bloch.*

AUTOMOBILES are a public menace. Ask the man who doesn't own one.



THE military stuffed shirts in Washington announce that our anti-aircraft batteries are one hundred per cent. efficient, but we have yet to hear that any of them has scored a direct hit on Col. WILLIAM A. MITCHELL.

⌋

Why not put Gen. DAWES in charge of aviation and let him and Col. MITCHELL go into conference?

⌋

The railroads are making it easy for people to go to Florida. A fortune awaits the railroad genius who will make it easy for them to get back.

⌋

COLUMBUS's discovery of America, it has just been learned, cost Queen ISABELLA a total of \$7,200. This, according to the Rev. JOHN ROACH STRATON and other whither-are-we-drifters, comes under the head of obtaining money under false pretenses.

⌋

While the COOLIDGES were away a new

vacuum sweeper was bought for the White House. It is to be hoped the collector will not call for the installment while JOSEPH CAILLAUX is talking war debts with the President.

tles of pure alcohol and one bottle of ginger ale. We had no idea the quality of ginger ale had become so inferior.

⌋

The British Ministry of Labor reported on September 1 that 1,343,700 persons were not working. In New York also, on the same date, quite a number were busily watching a laborer cutting through a pipe with an acetylene torch.

⌋

Seven American college undergraduates played jazz for King GEORGE and Queen MARY off the Isle of Wight, but the diplomats of both countries will probably manage to avoid an open breach in amicable relations.

⌋

CATO and PLUTARCH, we read, did not begin the study of languages until they were eighty years old. At that rate, there is still time for some of our newspaper editors to learn English.

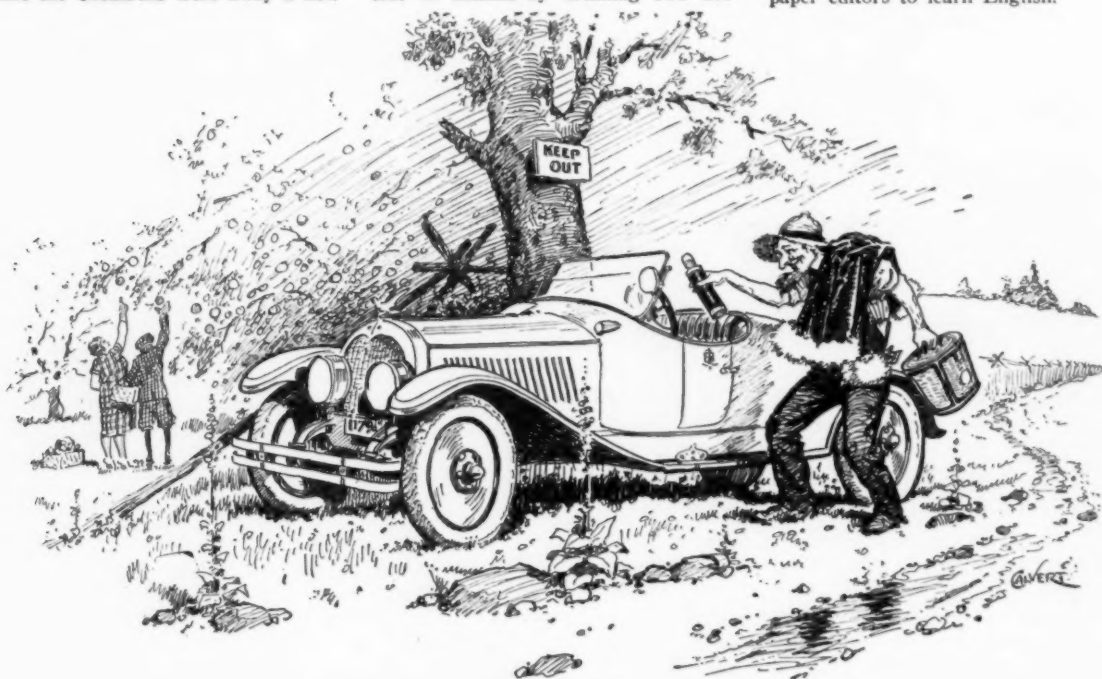
## A Card

*The Women Taxpayers of America  
Present Their Compliments to  
The Members of the French War Debt  
Commission  
And Beg to Announce That  
An Early Reduction of the Price of  
"La Garçonne" or Boyish Bob  
Would Greatly Relieve the Present  
Tense Financial Situation.*

There is a movement on foot for the prohibition of the sale of firearms. Present-day prizefighters should be exempted, as they appear to have no other means of self-protection.

⌋

A Chinese shoemaker committed suicide in Manila by drinking two bot-



FIFTY-FIFTY

"DON'T SUPPOSE THEM MOTORISTS HAVE ANY OBJECTION TO ME HELPING MYSELF, SEEING AS HOW THEY'RE DOING THE SAME TO MY FRUIT, BY HECK!"



· LIFE ·  
The News  
in  
Pictures

7

The Colossus of Rhodes was 70 cubits (about 109 feet) high.  
Garrett P. Serviss.

A thought for the day—Kansas City is the Heart of America.



"MUGSY" TAKES A TIP FROM A FELLOW CITIZEN. "Babe" Ruth's recent run-in with Miller Tuggins, manager of the "Yankees," having demonstrated that the public will pay for pleasing personalities regardless of batting averages, John McGraw signs Mme. Schumann-Heink as honorary shortstop of the "Giants."



THE HAPPY (?) HOMECOMING AFTER THE VACATION. The President and Mrs. Coolidge quit the idle, care-free life of the Summer White House at Swampscott and return to Washington, only to find that they had forgotten to stop the papers and the milk before going away. Quite a jolt after a hard day's ride in a day coach.



CONSIDERABLE INDIGNATION was felt by the members of the smart bootlegging colony near Montauk Point, Long Island, last week when a destroyer apparently fired point-blank at a coasting schooner belonging to a prominent resident. It was later learned, however, that the shots were a salute of seventeen guns in honor of the schooner's cargo of 1810 Cognac.



FRIENDLY RIVALRY AMONG THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE. The Prince of Wales, during a recent visit in Bucharest, compared American rotogravure-section albums with Queen Marie. It was found that, while the Queen is gaining steadily on the Prince, His Royal Highness is still well in the lead, having had his picture in ten more papers than the Queen and in two sets of yeast advertisements.

SECRETARY MELLON AND VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES submit plan that Congress, hitherto an expensive nuisance, be set to music and financially backed by Otto Kahn. A score has been prepared by Gen. Dawes.



## The New Literature

**FREEDOM.** 5 cents. A Weekly for Each and Every One.

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REMEMBER, ANOTHER CHANCE NEXT WEEK!	

NOTE: *Freedom* has discontinued the printing of short stories, articles, editorials and other such antiquated matter. *Freedom* offers you \$20,000 for the best letter telling why you approve of this move!

F. C. O.

**DUMB DORA:** I don't see how a man can be an executive—it must be terrible to have to kill people!



THE RADIO GOLF SCHOOL.

### Pay Dirt!

**YAP:** I certainly got stuck on that suburban lot I bought. There isn't a thing in the world it's good for.

**SAP:** Why don't you rent it as an ideal camping site?

## Baby's in the Movies Now

**BABY'S** in the movies now. We should care—for she's a wow. Papa's quit his watchman's job, Mama's got to be a snob, Sister Lou just bought a car, Brother smokes a mean cigar.

Baby dear can scarcely speak,  
But she draws two grand a week.  
As for modest me, I'm sure  
I haven't changed since we were poor—  
I'M THE BABY!

M. A. S.

### The First Qualification

**THAT** boy of ours will be a big executive some day."

"What makes you think so?"

"It takes him so long to eat his lunch."

**A**MONG the things that are difficult to understand is why the Princess Eudoxie of Bulgaria has never sold the rights to her name to some enterprising American soft-drink manufacturer.



"YES, I ALWAYS BRING FIFI TO THE GALLERIES. YOU CAN'T TELL me! I BELIEVE SHE GETS AS MUCH OUT OF IT AS I DO."

## Getting Along in Years

("German scientists say that the earth is 1,200,000,000 years old."—*News item.*)

**W**ELL, well! Who would ever have guessed that we'd had the old ball as long as that? Doesn't it just beat anything the way time flies? Why, it seems only yesterday that it was new and shiny, and we thought it was about the spiffiest little sphere in the universe. A billion years old! My, my! It just doesn't seem possible!

However, I recall now that it's been giving us an awful lot of trouble lately. Wars, and earthquakes, and one thing and another. Yes, we've had a hard time with it these last few years.

Wonder how the used-world market is this year, anyhow. Glutted, I suppose. At that, I'll bet they haven't got many second-hand worlds that are in as good shape as ours. In spite of its age, it's a mighty dependable old world, but I don't reckon they'll want to give us anything for it, even on a trade.

I haven't seen the new models, but I hear that they're pretty classy. Wish we could afford to get a better and a little bigger world this time. But I dunno. It wasn't such a bad old world, at that. A billion years is a lot of service to get out of a world. Maybe we'd better just get another one like it.

*Harry L. Roberts.*

## The American Language

**"W**HO'S that big cheese over there?"

"Some big butter-and-egg man."



"BUT, DARLING, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MY FAULT. I ~~NEVER~~ HIT ANYTHING HEAD ON. I ALWAYS BACK INTO THINGS."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

*September 24th*

Last night I did awaken in the midst of a dream at a point where I was about to consume a large and luscious portion of lobster Thermidor which my servant Florence had taken out of our umbrella stand, and the subconscious experience was so vivid that I could fairly smell the cheese sauce and it did create such hunger that I arose

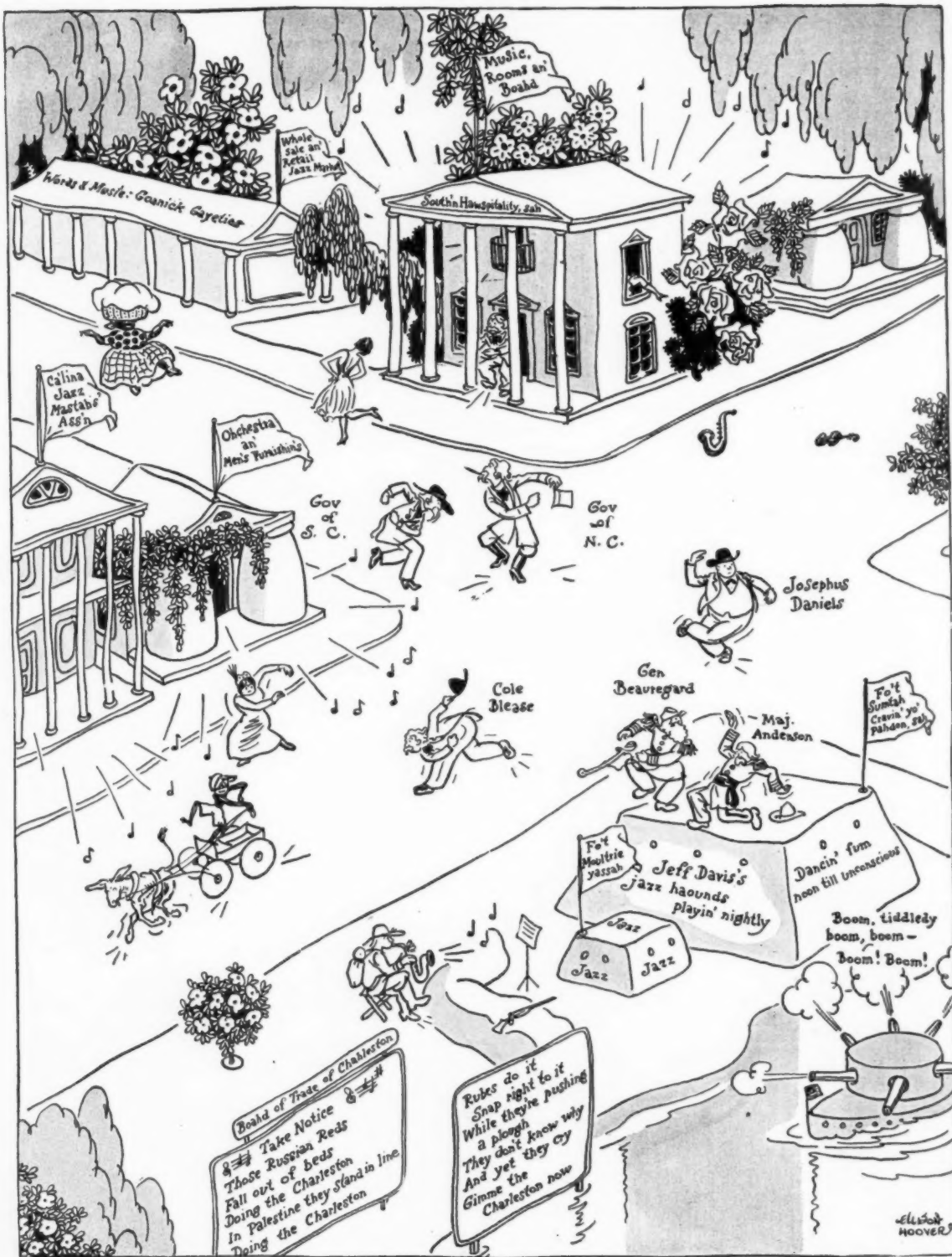
and made for the ice box, wherein I did find, to my dismay, nought but a dish of cold noodles and three radishes. My husband, poor wretch, appearing suddenly with the announcement that he also could eat somewhat, said, It is but three o'clock; let us array ourselves and be off to Reuben's for a bowl of onion soup, a suggestion which I did gladly follow through the fear that he might require me, who am unhandy in a kitchen, to cook him some eggs and bacon. And we did find the restaurant filled with people in assorted raiment eating heavy foods, causing Sam to remark that the trouble with regular meals is that they do not come at the proper times. Lay late this morning, and then Marge Boothby to luncheon, and we very merry over a memory from our boarding-school days of two youths who, taking us to a matinee in Boston, had appeared in full evening dress with bunches of American Beauties under their arms and required us to sit in a box, and how we, with all the self-consciousness of adolescence, had suffered lest the audience think us all hired by the management. Marge tells me that this winter she is going to perfect her

(Continued on page 29)



*Second-Story Al: I BROKE INTO A LAWYER'S HOME LAST NIGHT.  
Stick-up Bill: HOW MUCH DID YOU LOSE?*







# The Romance of Digestion

By Robert Benchley

**W**HEN you take a bite of that delicious cookie, or swallow a morsel of that nourishing bread, do you stop to think of the marvelous and intricate process by means of which Mother Nature is going to convert it into bone and sinew and roses for those pretty cheeks? Probably not, and it is just as well. For if you did stop to think of it at that time, you would unquestionably not be able to digest that cookie—or that nourishing bread.

But whether you think of it or not, this exciting process of digestion is going on, day in and day out, sometimes pretty badly, but always with a great show of efficiency. It is, on the whole, probably one of the worst done jobs in the world.

**F**IRST you must know that those hard, white edges of bone which you must have noticed hundreds of times along the front of your mouth are "teeth," and are put there for a very definite purpose. They are the ivory gates to the body. They are Nature's tiny sentinels, and if you have ever bitten yourself, you will know how sharp they can be, and what efficient little watchmen they are. Just you try to slip your finger into your mouth without your teeth's permission, and see how far you get. Or try to get it out, once they have captured it.

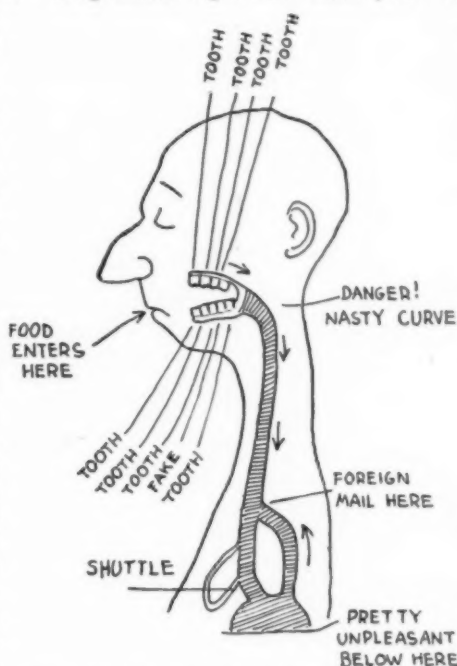
Now these thousands of brave little soldiers, the teeth, which we have in our mouths take the food as it comes through the air (in case you are snapping at a butterfly), or from the fork, and separate it into its component parts (air, land and water). In this process, the teeth are aided by the tongue, which is that awful-looking thing right behind your teeth. Don't look at it!

The tongue (which we may call the escalator of the mouth, or Nature's Nobleman for short) and the teeth toss the food back and forth between them until there is nothing left of it, except the little bones which you have to take out between your thumb and forefinger and lay on your butter-plate. In doing this, be careful that the bone is really

on the butter-plate and that it does not stick to your finger so that you put it into your mouth again on the next trip; for this would make the little white sentries very angry and they might all drop out.

**A**ND now comes the really wonderful part of the romance which is being enacted right there under your

tongue, and there is a great ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and bumping of porters, and in the midst of it all is the remnant of that delicious cookie, seated nervously on the tongue, ready to be taken down on its first journey alone, down to see Prince Charming. For all the joyousness of the occasion, it is a little sad, too. For that bit of cookie is going to get some terribly tough treatment before it is through.



CROSS SECTION OF HUMAN FOOD DUCT, SHOWING LUBRICIOUS PROCESS OF SELF-STYLED "DIGESTION."

very eyes. A chemical reaction on the tongue presses a little button which telegraphs down, down, down, way down to the cross old Stomach and says: "Please, sir, do you want this food or don't you?" And the Stomach, whom we shall call "Prince Charming" from now on, telegraphs (or more likely writes) back: "Yes, dear!" or "You can do what you like with it for all of me." Just as he happens to feel at the time.

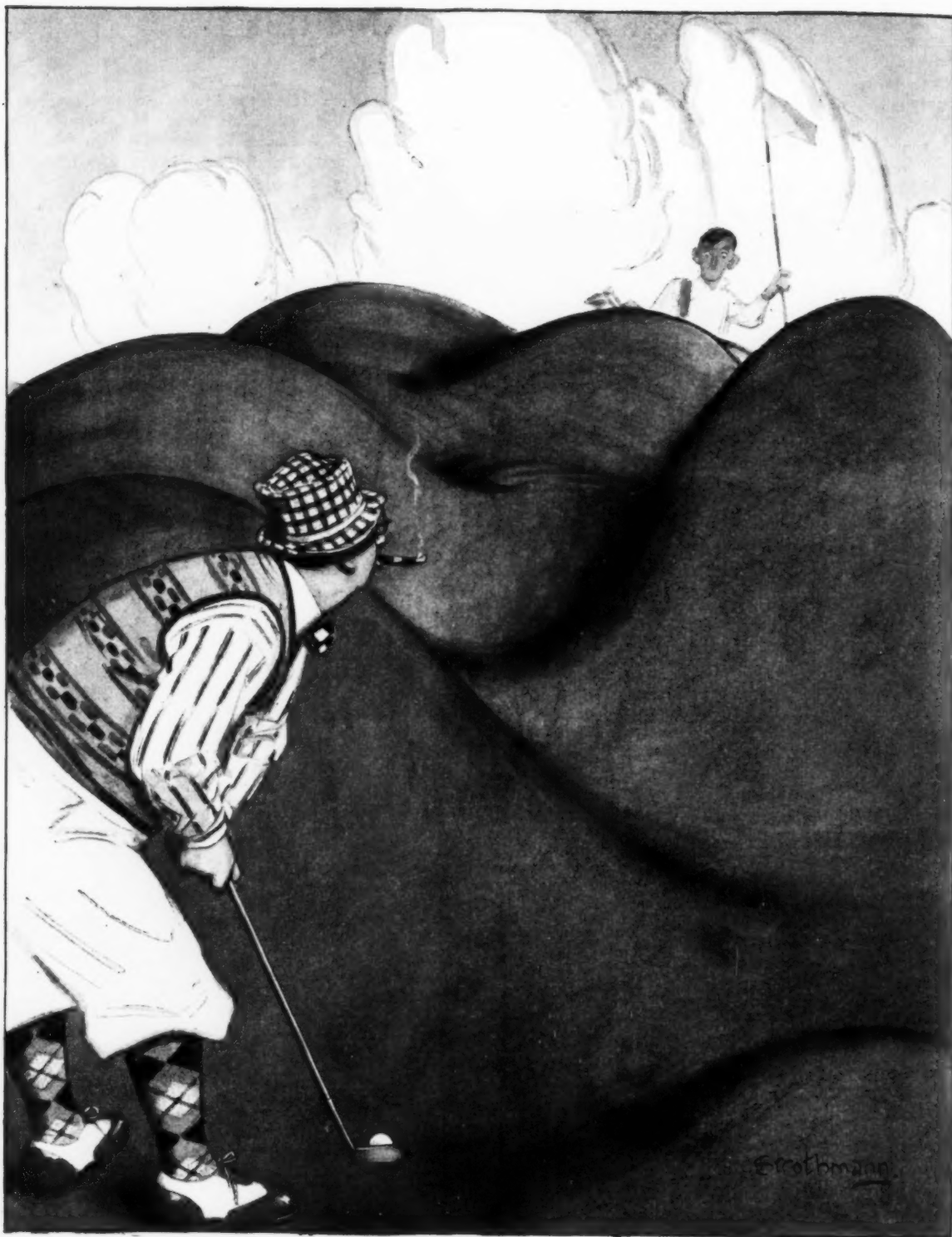
And then, such a hurry and bustle as goes on in the mouth! "Foodie's going to visit Stomach!" all the little teeth cry, and rush about for all the world as if they were going themselves. "All aboard, all aboard!" calls out the

**T**HE food is then placed on a conveyor, by means of which it is taken to the Drying Room, situated on the third floor, where it is taken apart and washed and dried, preparatory to going through the pressing machines. These pressing machines are operated by one man, who stands by the conveyor as it brings the food along and tosses it into the vats. Here all rocks and moss are drawn off by mechanical pickers and the food is subjected to treatment in a solution of sulphite, a secret process which is jealously guarded. From here the food is taken to the Playroom, where it plays around a while with the other children until it is time for it to be folded by the girls in the bindery, packed into neat stacks, and wrapped for shipment in bundles of fifty. Some of these bundles, the proteins, are shipped to the bones of the body; others, the hydrates, go to making muscle, while a third class, the sophomores, contribute to making

fatty tissue which nobody wants, that is, nobody that has any pride at all about his appearance. The by-products are made into milk-bottle caps, emery wheels, and insurance calendars, and are sold at cost.

**T**HUS we see how wonderfully Nature takes care of us and our little troubles, aided only by soda-mint and bicarbonate.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This is almost the last of the Benchley articles on Popular Science which have been appearing in "early" issues of LIFE since goodness knows when. We have discovered one about Military Science which had slipped down behind Mr. Benchley's desk.



MENTAL HAZARDS—NO. 6

THE GREEN.

## Lessons in New Yorkese

### A Traffic Problem

"WELLAYA gonna crossa streeter ainch?"

"NowIyaint gonna crossa street. Waitilla traffic changis."

"Ofagossakes cumawn willya? Straffic dadono changin. Tonny gess sworsean worse."

"Isayit gess sworsean worse. Gebback onna coib willya. Thinka wanna getta smackoffa bus?"

"Youwon genno smackoffa bus. Themdriversis carefil. Ifem drivers wasta sockyawon theylosa jawb."

"Yeah anawoodI lose—mechanst tabe president? Gebback onna coib willya Iyaint crossin tilla traffic changis."

"Awya fulla binnanrerl. Yadthink allem driverswis waitin ferra chansta benna fennerawnya."

"Yalemme alloan Gawge awyaget sumpin jussasgoodasa fenner bentovaya bean innaminnit. Itallya Icross whenna gegoodan reddy."

"Welleres yachanst rinow. Cumawn—"

"Witha flocka taxis bearin ridown—Gawge you gebback onna coib."

"Aw gebback inna clock. Itellya



### NO FLIRTING ALLOWED

*Traffic Cop:* SAY! DIDN'T YOU SEE ME WAVE MY ARM?

*Indignant Miss:* CERTAINLY, AND I INTEND TO REPORT YOUR ATTEMPTED FAMILIARITY.

wecrossin rinow. Pickupy dawgs...."

"Gawge youleggo myawm stop willya lookout fathat Buick Itellyata stop nowI woggoanottha step Gawge fagos-sakes becarefil willya lookout willya lookout Intellinya werightinna way-ovva truck Gawge..."

\*\*\*

"Well hee yare Mae. Anyacanshooome flevva takeya acrossa streetagen. Nevva agenowelpme!"

"Wellanevva thunk wewid makeit. Itwas tearabil. Oooh Gawge...ooh

migawd Gawge...yaknowat linjry shoppa stoppedin framomint?"

"Backony othasideovva street? An-wattaboutit?"

"Wegotta goback Gawge. Ieff me-glovesinnit!"

Henry William Hanemann.

### Beginnings

IT is a wise father that knows how to pick for his child the shoestring that inevitably starts him on the road to success.



"WHAT'S DE IDEA OF PAINTIN' Y'-ALL'S HOUSE DIS TIME YEAH?"

"WELL, FOLKS'LL THINK US IS WARM EVEN IF US AIN'T."





OCTOBER 1, 1925

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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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**T**WO matters of the first importance are in the way towards a better understanding

of their present status in this country. One is aviation and the other Prohibition.

War prophets and people who try to visualize the next Great War, if there is one, give to aviation the first place in prospective military forces. They tell us that the next war is likely to be a war of gases and perhaps the means used in it will include disease germs. They tell us that it will be considerably a war on cities and civilian populations and they talk about airships of one kind and another as being the instruments that will determine which side wins.

The demand for another big war is not yet urgent, but a great many people want the United States to be in a position of power and influence if another Great War comes, and even more so if it threatens. If it threatens, our country can do more to stave it off if we have a suitable provision of up-to-the-date war apparatus. We certainly are not going to have a great army, nor even a great provision of warships. The size of our navy is limited now by agreement, but it is common sense that our preparations—defensive and offensive—should include an aviation department as strong as any going.

That is why all the noise about aviation, the outcries of Col. Mitchell, the added interest in the subject which has come with the loss of the Shenandoah and the perils of the aviators so nearly lost in the Pacific, are timely and to the point. Aviation is a highly technical matter as to which the common run of

us know very little and have almost no opinions of value, but we are interested. We want to know the views of the best experts on the subject and we want our aviation force organized and maintained in the best manner. This public concern seems to be realized by the President and has been recognized by the appointment of a committee "to investigate the aircraft situation with a view to ascertaining the best means of developing and applying aircraft in the national defense." The committee, headed by Major General Harbord, includes experts, leading citizens of the country, and members of the committees on military and naval affairs of the House and Senate, and seems likely to be a competent body, and perhaps able to recognize that aviation belongs to Youth, and that the men most likely to know about it are the flying men, and not generals and admirals approaching the age of retirement.

That is where Mitchell and his outcries come in. He is a flying man. The present policy of the Administration seems to be to starve the Army and the Navy. If so, all the more reason for making the most of aviation, and of the young men who really know that subject.

**T**HE other investigation, not so important perhaps and carrying no governmental authority, is that lately made into current Prohibition by the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches. The report of it is coming out at this writing in installments in the newspapers. Its conclusions, so far as they have come, find the present result of Prohibition to be a mixture of good and bad and the movement itself to be still on trial. The report will not settle

anything, but in its complete form it will be studied with interest, the more so because it is a report by Prohibition upholders who want to know how their panacea is really working in the country, and what prospect there is that in its present form it will ever realize the hopes of its backers.



**I**N the matter of coal there seems to be little doing except that the distribution of the coal already mined and on the market is doubtless proceeding satisfactorily. No doubt the miners and the operators are thinking things over, and Governor Pinchot and Mr. Lewis, the king-pin of the United Mine Workers, have pleasant talks that add to knowledge. Maybe a settlement will be reached before Congress meets and maybe nothing much will happen until anthracite coal is considerably scarcer and dearer than it is now, but you can't tell, and the uncertainty stimulates the appetite for coal and helps to reduce stocks.

The solution of the coal problem in England seems to have been put off until April. Possibly our problem will drift along as long as that. What is wanted, both here and in England, is some permanent solution of coal troubles, either government ownership or something better, that will protect the consumer against the anxieties and extortions that periodically result when miners and operators disagree.



**M**AYOR HYLAN'S defeat in the Primaries by 100,000 votes is an interesting step in the effort to get a competent Mayor for the City of New York, but it is not a final step. It leaves the observer asking what next. All that has been discussed as LIFE goes to press is whether Mr. Hylan, with Hearst to back him, is as good as Mr. Walker with the backing of Governor Smith. Also whether Mr. Waterman is the best of the Republican candidates. To these questions we have got satisfactory replies.

*E. S. Martin.*





MORBID MIRTH  
THE MAN WHO LAUGHED AT HIS HOTEL BILL.



"I wonder what those two can



those two can see in each other?"



### Dear, Dear!

**W**ELL, it seems that *Clyde Wilson Harrison* and *Sue Gertrude Madison* got lost one day in one of the mountain passes of *Arthur Saybrook Mexico*, and whom should they run into but zat *Pretty Piquita* and her bandit boyfriend, *Don Pedro de Scarrillo*. (*Clicking of castanets and three hard stamps*).

Want to hear any more?

All right. *Clyde Wilson Harrison*, his shirt being open at the neck, falls desperately in love with *Piquita*. You can't exactly blame him, for the kid herself admits that she has never yet seen the man she didn't intoxicate. She is a little handicapped in her love-making, however, owing to the necessity for stopping every three minutes to toss her head laughingly, place her hands on her hips, and stamp. You can't get very far at that rate, even in *Me-hee-ho*. But *Clyde Wilson Harrison* finds a way to keep her still long enough to imprint a good round buss on those pretty lips and everything is going along like hot cakes when *Don Pedro* charges in, cross if you ever saw a man cross. He says that for zat he is going to keel zat *Gringo*, and he means it, too. Whereupon *Clyde Wilson Harrison* draws himself to his full height (exclusive of the tail) and says: "Very well, but the moment of passion which I have just experienced was worth it."

At this point, "*Love's Call*," billed as "a play of primitive passion," became the comedy that God meant it to be and the audience forthwith had an elegant time. On such occasions as this, the dramatic reviewer comes into his reward. We shall just be marking time until Mr. Joe Byron Totten's next play.



**I**F "*All Dressed Up*" had not been written by *Arthur Richman* we should have considered it a fairly satisfactory though uninspired bit of work. But Mr. Richman in the past has displayed such gifts for smart dialogue and deft juggling that the complete absence of these qualities in his new play makes it seem doubly disappointing. A scientist, enough like *Norman Trevor* to be *Norman Trevor* himself (which, indeed, he is), discovers a mixture which, introduced into the family cocktails, causes every one to disclose his real self shorn of the hypocrisy of civilization. This gives the cast a chance to come in, one by one, and establish their fake characters in the first act, and then, one by one, to unmask as exactly the opposite in the succeeding acts. While each is doing his stuff, the others stand around in a semi-

circle waiting their turns. It is like one of those unhappily prevalent musical-comedy numbers in which each girl in the chorus is given an opportunity to step to the footlights and Charleston under full personality. "*All Dressed Up*" is not bad, but it should have been twice as good.



**T**HAT dear Public, with which we find ourself so often at odds, has evidently taken to its heart a singularly offensive comedy called "*Cradle Snatchers*," and by now has probably assured it a long and prosperous run; so what we have to say on the subject comes chiefly in the nature of ill-humored muttering to ourself.

There is something akin to physical revulsion caused by the premise of this new comedy-hit. Three middle-aged married ladies, displaying all the symptoms of Indian summer libido, hire for themselves three young boys to act as *Lotharios*. There is something said about wanting to make the three respective husbands see the error of their own roving amours, but this motive soon sinks into unimportance in the excitement of the proximity of three virile youths.

You get the idea. If, on reading it, you do not experience a slight nausea, by all means rush to the Music Box and add your shrieks of laughter to those which nightly rattle the doors of that hitherto immaculate playhouse. *Edna May Oliver*, by her stabilizing presence and rare comedy gifts, lends comparative decency to those moments when she has the stage, but it is like seeing one's own mother dancing on a table to see her in such surroundings. And oftentimes we sit in the twilight and dream sadly of the days when *Mary Boland* was in "*The Torch Bearers*."



**T**HE first of the *Belasco* contributions to the new season is a 1904-model heart-wringer entitled, "*Canary Dutch*." In it, everything is done to bring tears except dispossess *Grandpa* and *Grandma* from their old home. Mr. *Willard Mack*, the author, also plays the leading rôle, and makes an effective though conventional job of it. The time has evidently not yet come when we dare have German heroes again, for, in spite of a rich *Münchener* accent, he takes pains to let himself be known as a Swiss.

Before tugging the shy Mr. *Belasco* out for his impromptu curtain-speech, Mr. *Mack* said, with his deep voice shaken with emotion, that if his name (Mr. *Mack's*) stood for anything enduring in the American theatre, Mr. *Belasco* was responsible. Which leaves things just about as they were before he said it. *Robert Benchley*.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Accused.** *Belasco*—To be reviewed later.  
**Aloma of the South Seas.** *Lyric*—Record heat wave in Love's summer-time.

**The Bridge of Distance.** *Morosco*—To be reviewed later.

**Canary Dutch.** *Lyceum*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Desire Under the Elms.** *Cohan's*—Intramural sex activities, dignified up to a certain point by the Eugene O'Neill touch.

**The First Flight.** *Plymouth*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Green Hat.** *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

**Harvest.** *Belmont*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Mud Turtle.** *Bijou*—Helen MacKellar as the waitress who ruined the wheat crop. A play with moments.

**The Pelican.** *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

**The Sea Woman.** *Little*—A lighthouse as the locale for a lot of pretty rough goings-on.

**They Knew What They Wanted.** *Klaw*—An excellent play of gestation, with Pauline Lord, Leo Carrillo and Glenn Anders as the characters involved.

**The Vortex.** *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed next week.

**White Cargo.** *Wallack's*—African sunstroke and its dire effect on the white man.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—We will settle for \$5,000.

**All Dressed Up.** *Eltinge*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Arms and the Man.** *Guild*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Book of Charm.** *Comedy*—The modern hankering for personality made into a pleasant little play.

**The Bride Retires.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Do we have to tell?

**Brother Elks.** *Princess*—To be reviewed later.

**The Butter and Egg Man.** *Longacre*—To be reviewed later.

**Courting.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Very mild Scotch.

**Cradle Snatchers.** *Music Box*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Easy Terms.** *National*—To be reviewed later.

**The Family Upstairs.** *Gaiety*—One of those home affairs.

**The Gorilla.** *Selwyn*—Hilarious melodrama.

**Is Zat So?** *Chanin's*—Still keeping them laughing from last season.

**The Jazz Singer.** *Fulton*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Kiss in the Taxi.** *Ritz*—Arthur Byron making French farce much funnier than French farce usually is.

**Love's Call.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The New Gallantry.** *Cort*—To be reviewed later.

**Oh! Mama.** *Playhouse*—More French fun, this time enhanced by Alice Brady.

**Outside Looking In.** *Greenwich Village*—A comedy of hobo life which gives hope for the new season.

**The Poor Nut.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Collegiate athletics and Phi Beta Kappa as the ingredients for an amusing evening.

**Spring Fever.** *Ambassador*—James Rennie in a golf-tragedy of slicing. Excellent up till the sex and final act.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** *Winter Garden*—Better than it has ever been, thanks to the bounding Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker.

**Big Boy.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—The ecstatic Mr. Jolson at fever heat.

**Captain Jinks.** *Martin Beck*—Nice tunes.

**Dearest Enemy.** *Knickerbocker*—To be reviewed later.

**Garrick Gaieties.** *Garrick*—Good entertainment and good music.

**Gay Paree.** *Shubert*—Chic Sale.

**Grand St. Pollicies.** *Neighborhood*—Last season's plays and players in a burlesque which does not revolt your intelligence.

**June Days.** *Central*—Nothing extra.

**Louie the 14th.** *Cosmopolitan*—A good show to look at—and Leon Errol.

**Merry, Merry.** *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

**A Night Out.** *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

**No, No, Nanette.** *Globe*—Just reaching New York.

**Rose-Marie.** *Imperial*—Still holding New York.

**Scandals of 1925.** *Apollo*—Mr. George White and his current galaxy.

**The Student Prince.** *Jolson's*—Singing de luxe.

**Sunny.** *New Amsterdam*—To be reviewed later.

**Vanities of 1925.** *Earl Carroll*—Girls, etc., including Julius Tannen.



## THE IDEAL TOUR

*St. Peter:* YOU SEEM A BIT DISAPPOINTED.

*New Arrival:* I CERTAINLY AM.

*St. Peter:* WE HAD TO DO IT—NO ONE SEEMS TO APPRECIATE SCENERY NOWADAYS UNLESS A LOT OF ADVERTISEMENTS GO WITH IT.



THE FIRST OF A LONG LINE—HE MISSED THE BOAT

### Myrtle on the Press

THAT Mr. What's-his-name, Myrtle thinks, has got the right idea in saying that the newspapers print too much crime stuff and scandals. It's awful, it really is! Of course, she never reads that trash herself, but there are some things you *can't* overlook. Take the Stebbins divorce case. Wasn't the testimony just *terrible*? And, of course, half the things that come out in court never get into the newspapers. That's where they put the little dots in.

That's what's the matter with the Younger Generation, reading all those stories about murders and divorces, and what not. They read those stories and then they go out and do the same things. Just for excitement. Those two Chicago boys! And the soldier who shot the taxi driver!

Well, thank Heaven, Myrtle isn't built that way. She prides herself on keeping up with world events—the *important* ones, you know. Like the civil war in Japan. And why America doesn't pay her war debt to France. As for Myrtle, she doesn't believe America ought to *have* to pay her war debt. Didn't we send over our brave boys and knit socks and everything? Anyway, one American can lick any *three* foreigners. Myrtle's always said so.

But the newspapers seem to think people are more interested in—in—well, the *dirt*, if you know what she means, so they "play up" the items like that. Myrtle always skips them, but sometimes she reads them, just to find out how *low* some people's minds are. Wasn't it *dreadful* how that preacher took the girl down to New Jersey? Did you read the statement the girl gave out? No? Well, Myrtle's got the clipping somewhere. She'll find it and show it to you. Only it's pretty well worn out.

Yes, sir, Myrtle thinks we ought to have more in the papers about *educational* things. Like how England has a golden standard again. Say, what *is* a golden standard? Well, no matter...Did you read about the girl's body being found in a suitcase? Wasn't it *gruesome*?

Tip Bliss.

### Persona Grata

ELLA: You can't believe anything he says, but it is pleasant to hear him talk.

STELLA: Yes, he is a restful liar.

### Romance

A SLIP of a girl, pretty as the cover of any magazine, stood waiting on a busy corner.

Many, many men and not a few women eyed her askance, some longingly, some enviously.

"Lucky the fellow who gets a girl like that!" they all seemed to say.

At last a weary, haggard young man came up laden with bundles. He led a droopy dog by a listless chain.

"So there you are!" cried the beautiful miss.

The man nodded, too tired to speak.

"Did you get the announcements?" continued the girl. "I've stood here hours and hours. Did you have the changes made in the engraving? Did you call a rehearsal with the new ushers? Have you been to the ticket office and secured a compartment? Is your brother in town yet? Have you seen my father about the florist? Have you talked with the janitor of the church yet? Did you get my ring enlarged? How many samples did you bring from the photographer's and did he say he'd send a flashlight man? Has your sister got here yet? I'm just dead, dear. Let's go eat."

James A. Sanaker.

### Heading Off a Jest

"DO you think this country will ever be bone-dry?"

"No," said the Federal enforcement official. "Confidentially, I don't think it ever will be. All that we're trying to do is to make the country dry enough to keep visiting Britons from asking, 'When does Prohibition begin?'"



She: QUITE A NIP IN THE AIR.  
He (excitedly): WHERE?



Skippy

"SAY, DO YOU KNOW YOU DARN NEAR HIT THAT ROCK?"





## Life and Letters

WRITING a notice of Willa Cather's new novel is ticklish business because, in spite of what critical processionists may say, I do not think that fine and serious artist has done herself justice in "The Professor's House" (Knopf). In the first place, money is her real protagonist, and the havoc wrought through its acquisition by a modestly circumstanced collegiate household will cause the hard-boiled reading element to lift a quizzical eyebrow, and inspire even graver doubt in academic circles, where the sun never sets on the struggle for a living wage. In the second place, in order to tell her story at all, Miss Cather was forced to kill off before its beginning the only sparkling character concerned with it. Shakespeare, faced with the same problem, allowed Mercutio to live for at least an act or two, but Miss Cather lets us glimpse *Tom Outland* only through some pages from his diary,

which prove to be the one glowing portion of the book.

As for the aforementioned havoc, *Professor St. Peter*, achieving fame and comparative fortune through the completion of his formerly unpromising writings about the Spanish adventurers, finds himself in Othello's shoes as to occupation, and with such a feeling of futility that, upon one of his trips to the shabby study in his old house which he refused to desert when his family moved to finer quarters, he made no attempt to save himself from asphyxiation and was rescued only by chance. His two daughters are estranged through the revenue which *Tom Outland's* patents bring to one of them. His wife becomes a little silly. But all this is thrown against one of Miss Cather's incomparable backgrounds, and her by-excursion into our earliest civilization and the struggles of pioneer life is a valuable contribution to Americana.

A BOOK which Remy de Gourmont bothered to write and Aldous Huxley took pains to translate should be worth reading, and yet "A Virgin Heart" (Adelphi) leaves me unenthused. The author calls it a physiological novel designed to set forth the needs and instincts of innocence, which, being translated, means the various reactionary kicks which a pure maid of twenty gets from holding hands, etc., with an "elderly" suitor of forty. The intensity of the analysis amounts almost to the determination of how many angels can stand on the point of a pin. Even considering the period (1903) and the sheltered rearing of French girls, the moral would seem to be, "Heaven will protect the perfect dumbbell." Young *Rose Des Boys* may prove a welcome relief to those of you who are fed up on flappers born with protruding eyeteeth. But I don't think she will prove much else.

(Continued on page 32)



TIME: 3 A. M.

"MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO COME HOME WITH THE MILKMAN."

"OH—DOESN'T SHE KNOW I'M A BOND SALESMAN?"





THE BOYISH BOB

### "Travel Broadens One"

THE above bromide is one of the many blahful remarks one hears frequently from the lips of people who talk entirely by ear. It is hard to imagine any remark more fallacious.

A quart of water may be pretty deep if placed in a tall glass vase. The same amount of water, broadened, may cover a large stewpan, but it has been broadened at the expense of depth. The average individual undergoes the same process.

Take, for instance, the human with the usual conversational limitations that only point to a far greater limitation in the matter of information and intelligence. If he stayed at home he would have to get some more information and intelligence or prepare to take his place in the ranks of the other local bores and dumbbells. Whereas if he travels he can spring that same line of his and the same two funny stories all over the world wherever English is incorrectly spoken and heroically listened to, and get away with it. In some places he may even pass for a well-informed person and get credit for having human intelligence.

Thus travel narrows him down to this one repertoire, and he is utterly satisfied with it. He seldom increases it and never improves it. And if he does settle down in one place he talks the rest of his life of his travels.

No, travel narrows people. It does not broaden them except in the unfavorable sense mentioned in the beginning of this thoughtfully prepared article, the author of which has traveled a great deal.

Strickland Gillilan.

### As Usual

THE taxicab assassins now are roaming bold and free. The patter of the blackjack nightly wakens you and me. Tobacconists' emporia are stuck up every minute, While rare indeed's the jeweler's skull that has no bullet in it.

Municipal authority the criminals defy.  
The paralyzed police force merely nets the smaller fry.  
Hence, the public's so indignant that, as is the public's way,  
The voters will go thronging to the links Election Day.

Baron Ireland.

### A Bigger and Better Language

(A prominent advertising man says the ad world needs at least 3,000 new words.)

THE Advertising World's Adword Cansay Jury, that committee of five of the Profession's most noted figures, was beginning its first session. The chairman rapped sharply with his gavel, and called the meeting to order. "Adfeloes," he greeted them, "we have been given the go-go by the Adworld to yes or no words flooding the gates demanding contact with the Adworld Cansaygroup. I hardly need memograph for you the time when our profession gropewayed because it had to rely on the dictionary for a youmay. Those days, in the happysay of our friend Tom Karp of the Yulesayso Corporation, are now in the limbo of Offtrackland. It will be our job to yes words into the Cansaygroup. If we function as we oughtcan, there will no longer be a terrific yes-no with the professors such as we had in changing 'lineage' from a three-syllable to a two-syllable word. Gentlemen, we are contacted. Put on your memojogs. Do I hear an idealog?"

A. A. Gardiner.

WIFE (at football game, to husband): You'll have to get our seats changed, dear. I can't hear what the players are saying to each other.



Motorist: JUST MY LUCK! TWO FLAT TIRES! THAT FELLOW WE RAN OVER MUST HAVE HAD A FLASK ON HIS HIP!

## THE SILENT DRAMA



### "Siegfried"

THE German picture, "Siegfried," supplies what to this correspondent has always been a long-felt want: it affords the opportunity to hear operatic music, pictorially interpreted, without having to go to the opera.

For here is set forth the legend of "Siegfried" in all its barbaric splendor, and with all the impressive beauty of Wagner's score, but without the dead weight of fat tenors, fatter sopranos and collapsible scenery. Here the ear and eye may work together, and the one is not offended by the other.

The absence of the human voice, to me, is a negligible loss.

"SIEGFRIED" has been produced on a mammoth scale—as of course it should be—and is set forth in terms of utter unreality—again as it should be. Its director, Fritz Lang, and its designer, Otto Hunte, have displayed the flawless taste that, for some strange reason, is evident in all German pictures. These men are artists; because of this, they can avoid the obvious pitfalls of ignorance into which the average movie maker of Hollywood must inevitably stumble.

"Siegfried," above everything else, is eminently *right*—in tempo, in manner and in design.

THERE is some magnificent acting by Hanna Ralph, as *Brunhilde*, by Margarete Schoen as *Kriemhild*, and by Paul Richter as *Siegfried* himself; but the greatness of the picture is creditable primarily to the men behind the cameras.

We could use more of them over here, just as we are using Lubitsch and Seastrom and Von Stroheim.

### "The Coast of Folly"

GLORIA SWANSON'S far-famed charm must be of the sort that is called "elusive." It is so successfully elusive, in fact, that it has always escaped me. While I have generally

been pretty unoriginal in my tastes—having joined the popular clamor for Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin without protest—I have never been able to understand why so many ardent fans fall flat on their faces before Miss Swanson's shrine.

Save in "The Humming Bird," I have never seen Miss Swanson more than passably effective; and even "The Humming Bird" was not conclusive, being directed by Sidney Olcott, who also inspired Marion Davies, in "Little Old New York," to a thoroughly uncharacteristic display of talent.

In her latest production, "The Coast of Folly," Gloria Swanson is just plain awful. No politer adjective could do justice to her absurd performance as a doddering, decrepit old hag of forty and (in the other half of a dual rôle) as a mature, matronly flapper. It seems to me that she misses not only the bull's-eye but the target itself and the barn door on which it is pasted.

Gloria Swanson is a member of the nobility of France, the nation that gave us Lafayette—and perhaps, in view of this, I should soft-pedal my flippant opinions. But, Lafayette or no Lafayette, "The Coast of Folly" is a bad picture.



JOHN GILBERT IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

### "The Merry Widow"

ALLUSION has already been made on this page to Eric von Stroheim, the extravagant, inconsistent, unreliable genius whose name in Hollywood is mud. It is a pleasure to record that he has at last triumphed over his oppressors; in "The Merry Widow" he has produced not only a fine picture but one that will actually make money in the box office.

"The Merry Widow" is a free translation into pictorial terms of the libretto on which was once draped Franz Lehar's lovely melodies and those hideous monstrosities known as "Merry Widow hats." It is at best a silly, artificial story, but that is of no importance. The main things are Von Stroheim's direction, Von Stroheim's profound knowledge of composition and scenic effect, and John Gilbert's magnificent performance as *Prince Danilo*. Gilbert gives an eloquent, vibrant, keenly tempered interpretation of what might have been a trite romantic character. At every point he sparkles with brilliance; and at times he bursts into flame.

In what we radical journalists call "the title rôle," Mae Murray is far, far above her usual form. She fails to fidget or frolic or romp; she is actually subdued. This must be more of Von Stroheim's dirty work.

POSSIBLY my intense delight in "The Merry Widow" was influenced by the fact that Lehar's music accompanies the film. These soft, soothing strains from the violins of Vienna create a sentimental glow which reduces the hard critical faculty to a quivering pulp.

I actually believe that I could enjoy "The Coast of Folly" if a nice string orchestra were to play "Vilya, the Witch of the Wood" while the picture was being unreeled.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 30.)



# PARFUM CHYPRE, COTY

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### Billposting Vernacular

Every craft has its own terminology. The billposting profession is no exception to the rule.

A San Francisco admirer forwards this purported letter from one billposter to another:

"Frank—I have Galli-Curci in a panel at the Auditorium and will let her live another week. Monday I kill Heifetz at Post and Powell and will cover him with Ysaye-Elman. The fifteen Galli-Curcis will be dead in Oakland on the 21st."

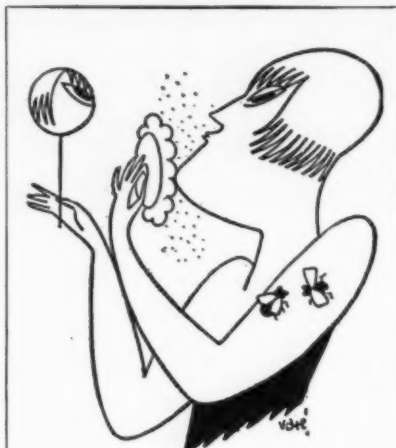
—*New York Graphic*.

### The Foreign Invasion

FIRST PARISIAN (in a chair on the boulevards): I don't want to attract attention.

SECOND DITTO: Better speak English, then!—*L'Œuvre (Paris)*.

OUR simile for the day: As lonely as a grandmother when the children's visit is over.—*Ohio State Journal*.



The Little Blue Fly (to the Little Green Fly): HAVE YOU NOTICED, MY DEAR, HOW DUSTY THE ROADS ARE TO-DAY?

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

### Love Beyond Grammar

In looking over some old letters the following delightful example of English as she wrote came to light. It was from a Roman boy, who several years later was killed at the Piave.

"Thursdays.

"You came into my life, and at once I qualified you as a good lady, and being so, I wish to tell you that I love you with all my heart, and am only sorry my little knowledge of the English do not permit me to do know it to you like I should will.

"Your loving Luigi.

"Gigi I am called by those who love me."—*Boston Herald*.

### No Fooling

HUSBAND (loaded with luggage, at railway station): I wish we'd brought the piano, dear.

WIFE: Don't try to be funny, George!

HUSBAND: But I left the tickets on the piano!—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

"In crossing a bridge the off-side rear tyre burst, the car swerving and colliding with a low stone wall. All the occupants of the car were injured."—*Local Paper*.

One has to be nowadays.—*Punch*.

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John Roche with Warner Brothers' Productions.

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Makers of both Cloth and Garment

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HUNDREDS of thousands of motor car buyers had actually learned to prefer Fisher bodies before the public was made familiar with the Fisher name.

That statement sounds like a paradox. It is, on the contrary, a fact intensely significant of the certainty with which the public recognizes higher merit and greater value.

Long before the public had learned to demand—"Is the body by Fisher?"—motor car owners everywhere had come to know that the bodies of a certain few automobiles were far superior.

It was not a mere coincidence that the manufacturers of these cars were, one and all, clients of Fisher.



The public was quick to appreciate that these few, outstanding cars were smarter in body design; that the bodies retained their finish and their good looks longer; that they were finer, more comfortable, more durable.

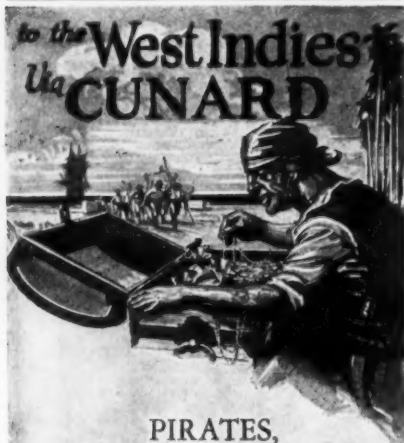
Such an obvious advantage was sure to increase, and it did increase, the sale of these cars with Fisher bodies.

They became leaders in point of volume, and in point of value—and they are leaders in both, today.

In each price division, there is an outstanding car which offers the advantages and superiorities so widely recognized in a body which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.



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PIRATES,  
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Jan. 23 and Feb. 25, 1926

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OUR FOOLISH  
CONTEMPORARIES



Off the Reservation

They are telling a yarn in the white light belt about a small-time vaudeville booking agent who heard of an all-Indian jazz band recently arrived in New York. He taxied to a Brooklyn four-a-day theatre and caught enough of the act to know it would sell to the circuit he represented.

Back stage he approached the manager of the act.

"Are all of you really Indians?" he said. "If you are, I think I can arrange a long route. You are really Indians, hey?"

"Vat would be the use of kidding mitt you?" replied the manager of the act. "Ve are all fool-blodt!"

—New York Graphic.

The Higher Heroism

The parson was trying to illustrate to the class of small boys what was meant by moral courage.

"Supposing," he said, "twelve boys were sleeping in a dormitory and one said his prayers. That would be moral courage."

The boys quite understood. "Now," he went on, "can any one give me an example?"

"Yes," answered the lad in the back row. "If twelve clergymen were sleeping in a dormitory and one didn't say his prayers, that would be moral courage."—London Daily News.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

No Straphanger

A slightly hilarious traveler boarded a No. 19 bus at Piccadilly Circus the other night. "Outside only, sir," said the conductor sympathetically; "you mustn't stand inside now." "Don't wanna stand!" replied the reveler, eyeing the steps with suspicion. "Wanna lie down!"—London Opinion.

Or Even a Few Years

A young woman in Los Angeles has been adjudged insane because she does not want to wear clothes. That is always the fate of those who are a generation ahead of their time.

—Houston Post-Dispatch.

An Editorial Touch

MAID (to mistress, after giving notice): And as I'm leaving I might as well tell you as you've got the date of my arrival here wrong in your diary!

—Windsor Magazine (London).

"CLOTHES certainly make the man."

"Not any more, my dear—now it's the car."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A pipe-smoker  
over in Paris  
grows desperate

Our sister republic excels in many fields of production, but Americans in France seem to retain their preference for their native smoking tobacco.

That seems to be the case with Mr. Parkhurst. He just happens to be in one of the few sections of the globe where Edgeworth isn't. In France, tobacco selling is controlled by government monopoly.

With the exception of a few countries, of which France is one, Edgeworth is sold all over the world. And so the chances of getting it wherever you go are about ten to one.

Paris, France.

Larus & Brother Co.,  
Richmond, Va.

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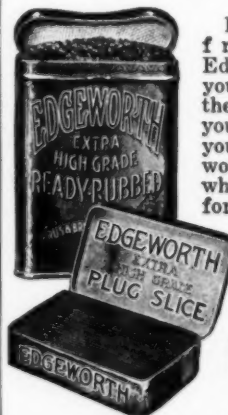
My last pipeful of Edgeworth went the way of all good tobacco some two weeks ago and since then I have vainly spent most of my spare time searching Paris for a further supply.

If Edgeworth can be obtained here, please let me know where, and I can assure you I will "publish the glad tidings," as the little blue can has occasioned many a covetous glance, and more than once some envious American has said to me: "For the love of Heaven, where did you get that Edgeworth? It's worth its weight in gold over here. I haven't had any since the supply I brought over ran out."

I have been told that I cannot buy pipe tobacco from the States without having a special permit from the French government, so before I'm through I may have to pay 200 or 300 per cent duty and perhaps face prison, but it's worth the risk to get Edgeworth—and after all the only way to find out about this is to try.

Sincerely yours,

S. C. R. Parkhurst.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes

in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16J South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various

sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes:

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

French and reduce her weight if she never does another thing in her life, and she probably never will, neither, if she combines the efforts.

**September 25th** To the station early to meet Edith Alger, arriving from Chicago, who would not consent to coming home, in spite of all her hand luggage, until she had visited a confidential address and bought a lotion with supposedly magical qualities. Lord! I am convinced it were better, should all source of income fail me, to mix up some quack ointment than to become a fortune teller. We did find that Sam had been at the guest room before his departure for his office, taking the chiffon shades off the lamps, changing the silken puff for his worst old army blanket, and putting on the night table such books as "Sex at Choice," "How to Be Happy Though Civil," "The Dawn of a New Religious Era," and "South of Panama." E. eager to get back at him at once, but she could think of nought better than a combustible cigar, which I did deem poor and dangerous retaliation. All the day gone in talk of this and that, and when I asked E. to tell me more of a certain Chicagoan I did meet last winter, she spoke of the extreme formality with which he had always surrounded himself, such as wearing an Inverness and opera hat in the evening. Which, added Edith, is much more impressive than having a butler, don't you think?

Baird Leonard.

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Every Bristle held  
EVERLASTINGLY  
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**RAW** Oysters on the half-shell have been the favorite repast of Epicures for centuries. But either Raw or Cooked they provide irresistible meals. The Doctors recommend them because they provide the nature-way of feeding the system the necessary and health-giving Iodine.

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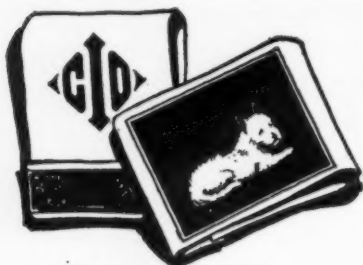
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## THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

### Recommendations

**The Gold Rush.** Surely you've heard about this one.

**The Wanderer.** A beautiful, stirring picture of the Prodigal Son's travels, directed by Raoul Walsh.

**Shore Leave.** Richard Barthelmess is excellent as a swaggering son of the sea.

**The Trouble with Wives.** Light comedy, admirably directed and played.

**The Phantom of the Opera.** Spook melodrama on a grand scale, with Lon Chaney.

**The Unholy Three.** More melodrama and more Chaney, though considerably less pretentious.

**Don Q.** I've mentioned this before. **Kiss Me Again.** Another bit of delicious froth from the nimble-fingered Ernst Lubitsch.

**The Merry Widow** and **Siegfried.** Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. S.

## LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$294,468.13, and has given a fortnight in the country to 47,647 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$30,265.75
Mrs. G. B. Agnew, So. Salem, N. Y.....	25.00
Ada T. Huntzinger, Greenwich, Conn.....	100.00
Emma A. Clark, Chicago.....	1.00
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"In memory of E. E. B.," Spring-field, Mass.....	15.00
Cass Gilbert, New York.....	15.00
	\$30,556.65

### Acknowledged with Thanks

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt at the Camps of the following articles: Shoes and clothing from Mrs. F. S. Franklin, Cranford, N. J.; Mrs. P. S. Gilchrist, Charlotte, N. C., and Mrs. E. T. Nichols, Jr., Cambridge, Mass. 1 gallon of stain from Arnott & Arnott, Far Hills, N. J. 4 boxes candy from Hoops, New York.

Toys from Camilla Ann Douglass, Suffern, N. Y. Book from E. Murlless, Hartford, Conn.

Candy, 5 lbs., from Mirror Candies, New York.

Pencils, clothes, shoes, etc., from Miss Fine's School, Princeton, N. J. Girl Scout khaki suits from the Isaac Long Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Clothes and toys from Miss Carolyn Calloer, New York; Mrs. W. D. Brewster, Suffern, N. Y., and Miss Mary Matilda Douglass, Suffern, N. Y.

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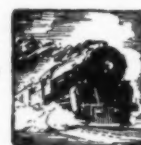
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For the convenience of our readers we will publish each month the sailing dates for Europe and other countries together with the dates of special tours and cruises.

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### HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Question: Why do you read LIFE?

Place: Every American Home.



**FATHER (average citizen):** Because I started reading LIFE thirty years ago and have been utterly unable to break myself of the habit. I rely on E. S. Martin as the sanest and most intelligently observant editorial writer in the country; I rely on the editorial policy, which has consistently conformed to its own high standard.

And I secretly like the way LIFE kids us two-fisted business men. God knows, we need it!

**BROTHER (average sophomore):** I'm going to write John Held and ask him for the original of the cover on this week's LIFE; and maybe I wouldn't like to meet the girl who poses for him! Ellison Hoover's "Impressions of Places by One Who Has Never Been There" always hand me a laugh, and so do those crazy illus-



trated verses by Fred Cooper and just about everything by Gluyas Williams. I guess my favorite writers are Dorothy Parker and H. W. Hanemann and Corey Ford.

**SISTER (average flapper):** I always read what Baird Leonard says about Mrs. Pep because she seems so human, and I never miss Benchley's reviews of the plays and Sherwood's cracks about the movies, because I always agree with them even when their opinions

are different from mine, if you know what I mean. And aren't those pictures of "The Gay Nineties" killing?

**MOTHER (average wife):** There's something friendly about Charles Dana Gibson's drawings in LIFE. I regard his characters as members of my own family, with a real place in my own home. Perhaps it's because Mr. Gibson's pictures are so true to life. Well—so am I.



**BILL (average kid):** When it comes to artistic pictures, you can't tie this Percy Crosby. Me and all the members of our athletic club take a squint at Skippy every week, and he's got to be sort of a member of the gang. And we always save those comical drawings by Sullivant and Don Herold and Shaver's pictures of kids and Dickey's dogs. I've got a pup myself.



**ARE YOU a member of LIFE's rapidly increasing family? The coupon below (plus One Dollar) will entitle you to full membership for ten pleasant weeks.**

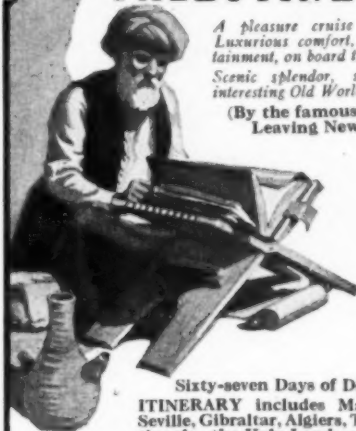
### LIFE

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(389)

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The "ROTTERDAM"  
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Mrs. Go-Getter: TELL 'IM HOW YOU GOT THAT  
MOOSE HEAD, JOHN.

John: WELL, SIR, I'D BEEN HUNTIN' AROUND THE  
NORTH COUNTRY FOR A GOOD HEAD, AN' JUST AS I  
HAD GIVE UP ALL HOPE, I CAME TO A CLEARING IN  
THE WOODS, AND AS I HORNED INTO THE VACANT  
CABIN, PRESTO! THERE IT WAS RIGHT OVER THE  
FIREPLACE!



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S. S. Spaulding, Buffalo..... 25

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### Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

CARL VAN VECHTEN'S "Firecrackers" (Knopf) may not have all the richness of "Peter Whiffle," all the perverse provocativeness of "The Blind Bow-Boy," or all the sardonic hilarity of "The Tattooed Countess," but it has a little of each. It also has, neatly wrapped and painlessly delivered, the author's philosophy of life, which, in spite of his irreverent reputation, is not so different from that of—well, say Dean Inge. The only point on which the Dean and Mr. Van Vechten might differ would be the personnel of the Ways and Means Committee.

Some of Mr. Van Vechten's old characters troop through "Firecrackers"—Paul Moody, now married to a rich widow and finding a temporary dip into our business district fascinating; Gareth Johns, now writing sophisticated best sellers; the Countess Nattatorrini, entertaining even on her deathbed a vague hope of vamping the priest who comes to shrive her. And Campaspe Loriard, whom her creator's sense of irony, in spite of his obvious affection for her, has endowed with a sappy son who begs for chocolate ice cream at the Ritz, just as it has endowed the conventional Laura Everest with a ten-year-old daughter who has a taste for green orchids and the worldly divination of a dowager with a past.

"Firecrackers" contains the best discourse on period furnishing I ever

read; it contains an amusing party scene of which one of the high lights is the Scotch-cognac episode; it contains an astonishing array of perfumes and foods—have you ever thought of preserving oranges in grenadine? And it contains Gunnar O'Grady, Zimbule's brother, about whom you must find out for yourself.

Baird Leonard.

### Suppliant

ELEANOR, four and a half, was saying her prayers, and her sister Frances, three, was listening in. As Eleanor said: "Give us this day our daily bread," Frances piped up with: "Make mine corn bread."

### Ralph Barton

starts his department, "The News in Pictures," in this issue (page 7), and will continue to contribute it as a regular feature of LIFE. Mr. Barton is known as the most brilliant pictorial satirist west of Paris, and his caricatures and comments will add a new and piquant flavor to this exceptionally palatable publication.

Use **MURINE** FOR EYES  
Irritated by Sun Wind Dust and Cinders  
and after Golf, Motoring or any Outdoor Sport

## How to Protect Your Investments

**B**EFORE investing your surplus funds take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker, who will gladly serve you.

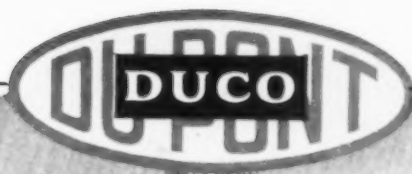
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